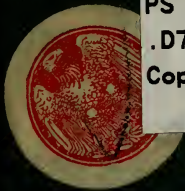


PS 2365

.D7

Copy 1

The title label is an ornate, gold-colored emblem. It features a central banner with the words "DREAM MUSIC" in a bold, serif font. Above the banner is a decorative crest with a crown and radiating lines. The banner is supported by two decorative, scroll-like brackets. The entire label is set against a dark green, textured background.

DREAM MUSIC
BY
FREDERIC R. MARVIN

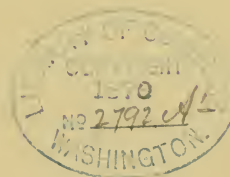




DREAM MUSIC.

BY
FREDERIC ROWLAND MARVIN.

33



NEW YORK:
Carleton, Publisher, Madison Square.

LONDON: S. LOW, SON & CO.

MDCCCLXX.

PS 2365

17

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
GEO. W. CARLETON,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Stereotyped at
THE WOMEN'S PRINTING HOUSE,
Eighth Street and Avenue A,
New York.

TO

MY FRIEND

MRS. E. THOMPSON,

THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| TO MY MOTHER | 9 |
| IN MEMORIAM | 11 |
| QUEEN SLEEP | 13 |
| PASSING OVER JORDAN | 16 |
| WINTER IN THE SOUL | 18 |
| STARLIGHT IN THE SOUL | 20 |
| MUST I DIE YOUNG | 21 |
| THE SUMMER-LAND | 23 |
| LILIES FOR ROSALIE | 25 |
| LELANGE | 26 |
| O' THE WEARY MORROW | 28 |
| FARE-THEE-WELL | 30 |
| LOVE NEVER DIES | 32 |
| THE STATUE | 34 |
| THE PHANTOM BRIDE | 36 |
| ZENA | 39 |
| AN INVITATION | 41 |
| A THOUGHT I NEVER HAD BEFORE | 43 |
| HE COMES NOT | 45 |
| HELENA | 47 |
| THE SEA OF DEATH | 49 |
| THERE THE WEARY BE AT REST | 51 |
| A SUPERSTITION | 52 |

| | Page |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| THE BEST FRIEND | 54 |
| THE FLOWER OF SLEEP | 56 |
| DREAMS | 57 |
| TO MARIE | 60 |
| THE COLLOQUY | 62 |
| DEFIANCE | 65 |
| DESPAIR | 66 |
| THE DESPAIRING MYTHOLOGIST | 68 |
| MUTABILE SEMPER | 70 |
| THE FIRST WOMAN | 72 |
| THE WORLD MY IDOL | 74 |
| CLING NOT TO EARTH | 76 |
| IN HEAVEN IS REST | 77 |
| HYMN | 78 |
| AMBITION'S PRAYER | 80 |
| SWEET SLEEP | 82 |
| TO H. E. | 84 |
| HAPPY DREAMS | 86 |
| TO KATE | 87 |
| FALSE LAURENE | 83 |
| THE TRIUMPH OF PRIDE | 90 |
| THE SCEPTIC'S PREDICTION | 92 |
| MY COFFIN | 94 |
| TO A HYPOCRITE | 95 |
| AD MINISTRUM | 98 |
| ALEXIS AND AZEZA | 99 |
| A FRAGMENT | 104 |
| MY HEART IS LOCKED | 105 |

DREAM MUSIC.

DREAM MUSIC.

To My Mother.



THEY tell me human love was made
Awhile to bloom, and then to fade
Before the autumn chill :
They tell me human love is sold —
A thing of traffic, bought with gold,
And subject to the will.

No falsehood this ; and yet I own,
There is a love, one love alone,
With lustre ever bright.
It runs through all my changing years,
Forsakes me not in smiles and tears,
And fills my soul with light.

That love, beyond all other love,
Unselfish, pure as heaven above,
 Is thine, dear mother, thine.
What, then, if clouds around me break !
The fount of joy they cannot take
 From out this heart of mine.


Earth's merry throng may pass me by ;
Its honors from my grasp may fly,
 As leaves upon the blast :
I care not, if thou lov'st me still ;
Thy love alone my heart can fill,
 And hold it to the last.

I'll love thee till my latest breath ;
I'll love thee when I'm clasped in death ;
 I'll love thee still on high.
While on my tide of life shall flow,
My love for thee no end shall know ;
 'Twill never, never die.

In Memoriam.

S. L. A.

OBIIT MDCCCLXVII.

LEEP sweetly now, and take thy rest ;
Thy day of life is o'er ;
The years, with joy and pain, will come
Alas ! to thee no more.

Oh ! nevermore my voice of love
Shall fall upon thine ear :
Thy sunny smile, thy winning grace,
No more my heart shall cheer.

Sleep on — I would not end thy rest,
Though thou wert all to me :
Enough, that He who call'd thee hence
Hath set thy spirit free.

Yes, free, I know ; for oh ! I feel
Thy presence like a spell,

And, mute with glad surprise, I hear
Thy spirit-voice, 'Tis well.

And sometimes through the twilight dim
Thy spirit-form I see ;
And, oh ! thine angel eyes do oft
On me beam tenderly.

Sleep on — the years shall come and go ;
The flowers shall fade and bloom ;
And winter winds, unheeded, sweep
Above thy lonely tomb :

And I, who grieve with stricken heart,
Ere long shall know thy rest ;
Rejoin thee in the upper world —
The home where all are blest.

Queen Sleep.



SLEEP, fair daughter of Music!

A queen, and the mother of dreams ;
Death is your daughter, whose singing
Is like to the music of streams ;
That leap from hill to the valley,
With shout, and with laughter and song,
Whose pulses are lithe as a nereid's,
As rapid as Jove's, and as strong.

When Time was your foe, I beheld you,
Compassionate, proud and supreme ;
I claimed the sweet hand of your daughter—
A young and a delicate dream.
With heart that was tender, maternal,
You gave your sweet daughter so true ;
I kneeled at your altar in silence,
And swore an allegiance to you.

In fever, in pain, and in famine,
I've worshipped you ever the same —
I kneel and I pray at your altar —
Confess all my folly and shame,
Till the musical voice of your daughter
Doth call through the nave of the night,
And the lights go out by the altar,
And out go the priests of the night.

You were naked, and noble, and fearless,
O queen of an endless domain!
Your lovers were passionate, many,
But all their caresses were vain.
Your limbs would not yield to their kisses,
Your arms were too strong for them still;
Their love had outwitted their reason,
And wholly converted their will.

Time was, when your temple was crowded;
Men worshipped your delicate form;
You bade them do penance that served you,

And walk all unclothed in the storm.
Your temple they left, and your altar,
But walked not unclothed in the storm —
They girt their soft robes up around them —
They girt their soft robes, and were warm.

But you are my mother, and ever
I kneel where your light torches gleam,
And the lily-white arms of your daughter
Enfold me, a delicate dream.
I'll never forsake or betray you —
I'll praise you now and hereafter
With tender white lilies and roses,
With music, with song, and with laughter.



Passing Ober Jordan.

HARK! I hear the harps eternal,
 Ringing on the further shore,
As I near those swollen waters,
 With their deep and solemn roar.

And my soul, though stained with sorrow,
 Fading as the light of day,
Passes swiftly o'er those waters,
 To the city far away.

Souls have crossed before me, saintly,
 To that land of perfect rest,
And I hear them singing faintly,
 In the mansion of the blest.

Just beyond the river flasheth
 Jebu-Salem of my God,
Where the white wave, rising, splasheth
 On the shore by angels trod.

Stop! I see the boatman nearing ;
 See, the snowy sail is set,
And the oars are floating idly,
 And the sail is drifting wet.

Call my father ! call my mother !
 Tell them that the boatman's here ;
And another, oh ! another,
 Unto whom my soul is dear.

Call them quick, for I am passing
 Through the valley of the grave ;
I am passing with the boatman
 O'er the deep and sullen wave.



Winter in the Soul.

THERE'S winter in my soul to-night,
And the frosts, like death, are at work ;
The icicles flash in the pale moon-light,
Like the glist'ning point of a dirk ;
And the wind sweeps o'er the wreck of my life,
With its poisoning shafts of pain ;
And I feel, I feel, in the deep'ning strife,
What I never would feel again.

There's winter in my soul to-night,
And all is cold as the grave ;
And the rivers of joy are frozen tight,
And there's not a single wave,
To wash the ice from the door of my heart,
Or give me the courage to pray : —
Far down in my breast deep agony dwells,
To frighten devotion away.

From out my heart there comes a wail,
 A wail like the cry of the wind ;
And the storm-cloud throws its rattling hail,
 In fury bewild'ring and blind :
The sky above me is sable to-night ;
 The stars have gone out in thick gloom ;
And the only light is the MANIA light,
 Illuming the verge of the tomb.

And up before me, deep and dim,
 The shadows of madness arise ;
They smile at me in their mockery grim,
 And taunt with the glare of their eyes —
They come ! they come ! and the heat of their
 breath
 Dissolveth the frost on my lips,
While off their fingers, betokening death,
 The melting agony drips.

Starlight in the Soul.

TIS starlight in my soul once more—
All storms have left my sky ;
And now the stars of hope and love
Shine brightly from on high.
They're gone, the clouds of dark despair,
That hung in sombre bars,
And now my silent soul receives
The pale light of the stars.

No more athwart my spirit's sky
Fly swift the bolts of death ;
No more I stand in mute despair,
And hold my very breath ;
For now the clouds are roll'd away,
The winds are lull'd to rest,
And silence reigns, and starlight falls
Within my peaceful breast.

Must I Die Young?



GOD! my God! must I die young?

My three-score years and ten unspent?—

My journey here but just begun?

Wherefore, O God! was this blow sent?

Must I die young?

Must my bright vision disappear —

Vision of golden years to be?

These years, from life's great chain unlinked,

And joined unto eternity?

Must I die young?

My ripening thoughts — must they decay,

Not yet matured in life's high noon?

And this frail pencil, prized so well,

Drop from my ready hand so soon?

Must I die young?

Must she whom I have dearly loved
Through all my changeful years,
Henceforth, in widowhood of soul,
Walk the dark vale of tears?
Must I die young?

Must all I hold of earth be lost?—
To me no more revealed?
And from these eyes the fire burn out,—
These lips be ever sealed?
Must I die young?

I murmur not; I meekly bow,
O God, to Thy decree.
Deprived of earthly gifts, I know
I shall be joined to Thee,
Though I die young.

The Summer-Land.



LAND of glory! Summer land!
Fair land to which I go,
I see in dreams thy silver streams;
Through valleys green they flow.
I see in dreams thy silver streams,
Where spirit boatmen row,
And by whose banks in shining ranks,
The happy angels go.

A near and yet afar thou art
From me, fair land of light —
Bright land of peace where sorrows cease
And death can never blight.
Bright land of peace! where sorrows cease;
Where I shall reach a height —
A height so great the winds of fate
My joy can never blight.

To thee in dreams, fair land, I go ;
 In dreams at noon of night,
When all is still o'er vale and hill,
 Enrobed in silv'ry light.
When all is still o'er vale and hill
 My thoughts in vision fly.
Yes, fly above to thee where love
 And joy can never die.



Lilies for Rosalie.

RAISE your heads, ye virgin lilies —
Lilies white, so chaste and free!
Bend no more with artless grace,
Mirrored in the water's face —
You shall live with Rosalie.

Lift your stems of shining silver;
Open wide your leaves to me;
You shall live, and never fade,
When you're with the fairest maid —
On the breast of Rosalie.

Lilies, hear you what I'm saying?
Fadeless glories you shall be;
Careful, then, lest wavelets drift you;
Stooping low, I gently lift you —
You shall live with Rosalie.

Melange.

LOVE, will you never give me rest?
There is no peace within my breast;
Mine eyes they close nor day nor night,
You feed them with some new delight
Each hour.

I say lean back that I may breathe;
But you, your arms more tightly wreath
Around my neck, while I your cheek,
For kissing of, do grow more weak
Each hour.

Fire runs through every swelling vein,
And nameless bliss becomes a pain
Each hour.

But still love on. If I must die,
My lifeless form, where should it lie,
If not beside my love, Lelange?

Lelange.



O, The Weary Morrow!



THE weary, weary morrow!
 Birthday of my blinding sorrow:
 O, the longing, weary aching
 Of a heart that's nigh to breaking —
 Saying, "He will come no more!"

O, the weary, weary morrow —
 Day of darkness, death and sorrow!
 Cheerless now am I, and lonely,
 Now, while I am thinking only —
 Thinking he will come no more.

All my prayers are vain and worthless;
 All my bitter tears are useless;
 Each long hour I spend in sorrow
 Will increase my grief to-morrow —
 Grief that he will come no more.

But, though vain my tears and praying,
Constantly my heart is saying
Words which seem life's cord to sever:
"Come to me he will, no, never!
Never come, no, never more!"



Fare-thee-Well.



FARE-THEE-WELL! I loved thee
fondly:

Fare-thee-well! I love thee still;
For the love I bear thee, Dora,
Triumphs o'er my feeble will.

Once to love thee — oh, how blessed!
Now to love thee must be sin:
Still my worshipped idol art thou —
Thou enshrined my soul within.

Fare-thee-well! bright joys attend thee,
Unalloyed with care and strife;
Calm and peaceful be thy future;
Blessings crown thee all thy life!

Yet when evening shades do gather
Round thy home at close of day,
To the spot where we were plighted
Often let thy vision stray.

Oh, forget not him who loved thee —
Loved thee as none other could —
Loves thee still, so deeply, madly —
Loves thee as no mortal should !

Now I part with thee, my Dora ;
Now from thee my hope I sever :
Fare-thee-well — the word is spoken —
Fare-thee-well, alas, forever !



Love Never Dies.



HE fields were red with clover,
 And the brooks were red with sun :
 Together they blush'd in beauty,
 But they couldn't blush like One.
 Birds through the woods went winging,
 While all the leaves were ringing
 With the song which they were singing,
 But they couldn't sing like One.
 And the winds, they gently sigh'd
 As they flew to the rising sun,
 But their sigh, though soft and sweet,
 Was not like the sigh of One.
 Said I, " If my love be thwarted,
 I would that my love were dead."
 She lifted her eyes in sorrow —
 In sorrow meekly said,
 " Love never dies ; it is not mortal :
 It passes through the golden portal —
 The portal of peace and joy."

The swift-winged messenger came —

My angel was carried from sight —
He bore her to beautiful fields,

Where flowers are fadeless and bright.

I wept; and I heard, as I murmur'd,

“I would that my love were dead.”

A voice — 'twas the voice of my angel —

Repeating the words she had said,

“Love never dies; it is not mortal:

It passes through the golden portal —

The portal of peace and joy.”

And now though she never sees me

From that beautiful field of light,

I know that I never murmur

As I travel the field of night.

My love is not dead; my love is not mortal:

I know it has passed through the golden
portal —

The portal of peace and joy.

The Statue.



FOR Art with busy hand I wrought :

I held the chisel day by day,

Until the stone I saw assume

The form that I had shaped in clay.

Alone I wrought, nor would I see

The friends that I had known before ;

I could not love them less, but O

I loved the marble statue more !

The stone I shaped with cunning skill,

And formed the limbs with tender grace ;

My passion strange and deep I wrought

In love upon the upturned face.

But, while I wrought, a silver cloud

Came softly from the bending sky, —

A spirit sent from God, to dwell

And beam within the tender eye.

So he who leaves the busy world,
In silence shapes a noble thought,
From God a life shall see descend
Upon the statue he hath wrought.



The Phantom Bride.



SEE the glorious moonlight falling
Down upon the open bay,
And the ripples shoreward dancing,
Break aloft in silver spray.
Far along the breast of waters
See the shadows lying deep,
Where the waves in pensive music
Gently rock themselves to sleep.

Now, O waves, my shallop graceful
Glides upon your silver breast,
Shoots beneath the rocks and shadows,
Where no moonbeams ever rest ;
Down beneath the arch of granite,
To the tower that hangs above,
While the stars bright watch are keeping
O'er the palace of my love.

Stars, look out and shine forever !
How I love to gaze on you,
Bright-eyed ministers of glory,
Guardians of the brave and true.
Oft beneath these walls I've floated,
Gazing toward the midnight sky,
Till the east grew red with morning,
And your starlights died on high.

Oft my lute has wakened music
Out upon the evening tide,
Where the shades of shore's creation
Out upon the waters glide.
Oft I've rocked beneath the castle
Where my idol Laura dwelt, —
In the moonlight calm and holy,
'Neath the castle window knelt.

Oft I've seen the stars of evening
Kiss the waters of the bay,
While they strove to drown the shadows
In a shower of silver spray.

Such a night! O, night remembered!
'Twas the season of my pride,
When my wooing won my Laura,—
Won a phantom for a bride.

Down the years I still am gliding,
But that phantom leaves me not;
Nor the bay, the moonlight, starlight,
Nor the castle is forgot.
Was e'er bride of earth more constant?
Are earth's daughters half so true?
Are their cheeks e'en half so rosy?
Are their eyes, say, half so blue?

Ah, bright eve, all eyes surpassing—
Centre of my earlier dreams!
O, deep bay, rise, ebb forever,
Where the pale moon nightly gleams!
Though the years grow dark and stormy,
And the future black with woe,
I will gaze on years now sleeping;
They their light around me throw.

Zena.



ARTIST, paint my angel Zena ;
 Other models nothing seem ;
 But know this, if thou canst paint her
 Thou canst paint my spirit's dream.
 Paint a brow of snowy whiteness,
 Paint an eye of heavenly brightness,
 Cheeks of velvet flushed with crimson ;
 Now begin, begin, begin !

Bring your brush, and bring your canvas,
 Bring your paint, and bring your bowl,
 Try if you can paint my Zena,
 Idol of my raptured soul.
 Paint two lips divinely fair,
 Paint the witching smile they wear ;
 Locks of living darkness, paint them.
 Now begin, begin, begin !

Ah ! I see thou canst not paint her :
She is far beyond thine art ;
E'er must she remain uncopied
On the canvas of my heart.
You may paint all other creatures,
But you cannot Zena's features —
Angel Zena, never, never !



An Invitation.



COME up again to my cottage, Bel ;
 O ! come up this Spring :
 Come sit in the porch where you used to sit —
 A poem I'll read you while you knit,
 And the robins sing.
 O ! come, and we'll walk where the willows
 grow ;
 We'll walk and we'll talk of the years ago ;
 We'll talk of the earlier days of life,
 Youth's vision of sorrow, its joy and strife,
 And friends we shall see no more.
 O ! come, for I'm weary of study and books ;
 I long to go down by the murmuring brooks,
 And think of the years now o'er.
 Only yester-evening I read some rhymes,
 Which were written, I know, in olden times,
 And I want to read them aloud to you ; —

So come up, and I'll read the volume through.
There are joyous stories, and stories sad,
Of the rich and poor, of the good and bad ;
 Tales of the land, tales of the sea,
 Tales of the bond, tales of the free.
Come, and I'll read them all to you —
 O ! come up this Spring,
 While the robins sing :
Then will I make my promise true —
Come, and I'll read them all to you.
 Say, will you come ?



A Thought I Never Had Before.



SADNESS gathered in my soul,
A cloud of discontent —
A sadness that my joys were dead,
My happy hours were spent.

And, while thus mourning pleasures gone,
The joys that were no more,
There came unto my soul a thought
I never had before.

You need not ask me what it was —
That thought I'll never tell;
But this I'll say: 'twas all about
My love, my Isabel.

It came, and nestled like a dove
Within my darken'd breast,
And, with its sweetest melody,
Laid all my grief to rest.

Sweet Hope then shed enliv'ning beams,
To cheer me in my way ;
She bade me, too, this lesson learn, —
The brave shall win the day.

I saw her light ; I heard her voice ;
I learned her lesson well ;
And thus, made happy by a thought,
By Hope inspired, inspired and taught,
I won the hand I long had sought —
The hand of Isabel.



He Comes Not.



EASE, ye winds, your wild contending!

I am mad with human fate,
 For my Love comes not to meet me,
 And the hours are growing late.
 Lighter, lighter drop the shadows
 On the headland far away,
 And the east is brighter growing —
 Can it be the coming day?


List! I hear him! 'tis his footfall
 Down among the yellow reeds!
 Still, O heart! 'tis but the wild wind.
 Ah, thy waiting nothing speeds.
 Day is coming, night is passing,
 And the stars are growing gray;*
 Lo! I hear the shout of boatmen
 Out upon the sleepy bay.

* This appearance or color of the stars just before daybreak is more noticeable in a southern climate than in ours.

Come, O Love! I'm waiting, weeping,
 Waiting in the chosen grot,
While the stars their watch are keeping,
 Wondering why thou comest not.
Now I hear the voice of morning
 Far across the sluggish bay;
See the darkness bidding farewell,
 Farewell to the coming day.

No, he comes not. He will never,
 Ne'er return to me again;
I shall watch, and watch forever,
 Down beside the narrow fen.
Where we parted last forever,
 Down among the tangled weeds,
By the road that meets the village,
 Out among the soughing reeds.

Helena.

HOU sleepest! lo! thou sleepest now,
The beautiful, the blest;
Death's finger on thy marble brow,
His chill upon thy breast.

Crumbled the shroud upon thy form,
And veil upon thy face;
And now the dark and dampened earth
Is thy lone dwelling-place.

The heat of summer now may fall,
The storm in fury beat;
But they can never reach thy home,
Thy silent, cold retreat.


The shades of night shall gather round,
And years shall come and go;
But thou, beneath the grassy mound,
No change of years shall know.

When ages shall have passed away,
And other races tread
Above the confines of decay,
Above the mould'ring dead,

Thou still shalt sleep, the seal of Death
Upon thy forehead pressed ;
Thine heart, no more instinct with life,
Shall know eternal rest.



The Sea of Death.

 HERE is a sea, the sea of death —
A boundless sea and deep ;
And o'er its surface, smooth and still,
No vital shadows creep.

No eager wind its peace disturbs ;
'Tis quiet as the grave :
Its placid bosom never feels
The motion of a wave.

No orb of day, no starry lamps,
Emit their splendor there ;
It rests in darkness, blacker far
Than blackness of despair.

The solemn years do onward glide ;
The days as quickly go, —
All, filled with good, oppressed with sin,
Replete with joy and woe.

They bear us, too, with noiseless step,
To that lone ocean drear,
Upon whose bosom, dark as night,
No sun, no stars, appear.

Many there be, erst wearied ones,
No more oppressed with care,
Have reached in hope that boundless sea,
In answer to their prayer.

Their prayer is mine — I too would reach,
In hope all pure and blest,
That wide expanse, where silence deep,
And deeper darkness, rest.

Prepare thou, then, my soul, prepare
For that lone ocean drear,
Upon whose bosom, dark as night,
No sun, no stars, appear.

“*There the Weary be at Rest.*”

JOB III. 17.



FEW more days, my weary heart,
And thou shalt know thy rest;
A few more days, and earthly ills
Shall thee no more molest.

A few more sighs and bitter tears,
A few more throbs of grief,
And thou shalt reach thy journey's end,
Where night shall bring relief.

Then bear thy pain while life shall last,
Nor ever be dismayed —
The night shall bring the rest for which
In sorrow thou hast prayed.

A Superstition.



HERE is a voice that ever falls upon
mine ear :

Each day it calls with mournful tone, *O come!*
When in the gilded halls of mirth with careless
men,

I curl the lip at Superstition's fear, e'en then
I hear that low sad voice — and I am dumb.

And in the twilight dim, when, free from daily
toil,

And free from care, I give myself to rest,
That voice, still low and sad, doth come to me
again.

As one awaken'd from a dream, I start; and then
No peace, no joy, abides within my breast.

Sometimes, at night, and by my side, a form I
see, —

Filmy and grey, intangible as air ;

Sometimes, a shadow on my wall that will not
go, —

And then, again, that voice I hear, still sad and
low,

Enforcing me to seek relief in prayer.

And as I pray, the form dissolves, the shadow
fades,

And fainter grows that voice within mine ear :

But when the name of CHRIST I speak, I find a
peace

Before unknown ; my dark and dismal bodings
cease ;

And with AMEN I bid farewell to fear.

The Best Friend.

THROB on, sad heart, throb on —
 'Twill soon be o'er ;
 Soon Death, sad heart, shall bid
 Thee throb no more.

The rustle of his robe,
 My heart, I hear :
 He's our best friend. O heart ;
 He'll soon appear.

I see his shadow fall —
 He's come ; he's come —
 Oh, fear him not, though he
 Be cold and dumb.

Yes ; our best friend is he,
 O ! joyless heart —
 A friend no adverse fate
 From us can part.

I feel his loving touch,
Of magic power,
As soft as summer air
At twilight hour.

I die! — I die! — I die! —
We die, sad heart!
Our friend has come — with him
Let us depart!



The Flower of Sleep.



SWEET sleep, loved flower, pale flower of
night,

Thy leaves so pure unfold to me,
And breathe thine opiate fragrance o'er me now,
That I may hide myself in thee !

The tears I weep shall water thee ;
And thou shalt grow the while more bright ;
Until glad dreams do sparkle on thy stem —
The pendent fruit of blessed night !

Dreams.



O sleep, and manufacture dreams

From out the web of day!

To glorify the hours of night,

Is more than childhood's play.

'Tis more than sound philosophy —

To say the very least —

To spread from fragments of the day

An evening's gorgeous feast ;

To build an Indian palace high

From mud-huts of the day,

To glitter through the starry night

And melt at morn away.

Then give me for the woes of earth

The solace of a dream ;

Give me, if not life's nobler joys,

At least the ones that seem.

O, give me, when the darkness falls,
The pure and holy light,
The silver music of a dream
Which sanctifies the night.

'Tis well to build our castles high,
E'en though they tumble fast :
They leave more room for other ones,
Which soon are with the past.

I would not miss my evening dreams
Before the old log-fire,
For all the maids in Cashamere,
For all the wealth of Tyre.

The only hours I really live
Are those I spend in sleep ;
Then strangest fancies, weird and wild,
To double being leap.

I love to sleep, but more to dream
The silent hours away,
Until the sombre pall of night
Is streaked with light of day.



To Marie.



THE soft and dreamy lustre
Dwelling in thy gentle eye,
Like a tender starlight trembling
In the midnight's mystic sky ;
Though thy face be fair, — as faultless,
As if carved by Grecian art ;
Though men bow before thy beauty,
I will love thee for thy heart.

There are thoughts of living brightness
Hiding in thy spirit cells,
As young humming-birds of summer
Hide among the lily bells.
I will pray no storm may drive them
Rudely from their fairy nest ;
Drive them through the chill and darkness,
Worn of wing with bleeding breast.

It were more than death to leave thee
 Idol of my youthful heart ;
Oft I ask the sacred angels,
 May we never, never part !
Yet the years must bring us changes,
 But where'er thy steps may go,
May, O may thy fate be brighter,
 Love than I can hope to know.



The Colloquy.

THREE ladies sat by the cheerful fire —
The daughters three of a noble sire :

And all were happy and gay save one ;

And she was sad and fair —

Pale as a lily, with mild blue eyes,

And wealth of golden hair.

They talked of silk, and they talked of lace ;

They talked of beauty of form and face ;

And said, “ To be plain is no disgrace

To those who come from an ancient race.”

And they spoke of love in a trifling way,

And they laughed to think of the word *obey*,

Which the bride repeats on her wedding-day.

Thus laughing, and talking in thoughtless

tone,

The eldest said :

“ My heart is dead,

Yet I will wed

For what I shall own, for the riches alone,
Which shall come to me :

My lord shall deal in ships and gold,
And priceless gems my lord shall hold."

Then, gleeful, the youngest, uprising said,
"List now, and I'll tell thee whom I shall wed :

A sailor bold from over the sea,
Whose only love is the love of me ;

And we'll live and be happy together,
In the brightest and darkest of weather

Ay, happy we ever shall be !"

But she, the lady, pale and fair,
With mild blue eyes and golden hair —
She, bowing low, and weeping, said :

"My heart is ever with the dead —

Ah, woe is me !

I ne'er shall see

My own, my loved, my plighted one !

And can it be

Again to me

He'll never come, no, never come ?

Ah, woe is me !

In vain the storms around him sweep ;
In vain the rain-clouds o'er him weep ;
In vain the stars through all the night,
Shed o'er his grave their pallid light :

He will not wake.


O love, thy name to me is grief !

O God ! wilt thou not send relief !

Must this heart break ? ”



Defiance.

 O thee, grim Death, I come, I come :
 I shudder not, nor am I dumb

With fear. Thee have I met before,
 And vanquished 'mid the ocean's roar,
 And when the crested wave around
 In wrath did me o'er-leap. As sound
 Of pealing thunder, thou didst laugh,
 And I was not afraid.

And dost thou think to fright me now ?
 To pale my cheek, to blanch my brow ?
 A soul unmoved, resolved, I bring,
 To conquer thee, thou tyrant king.
 Then strike with all thy strength ; strike well,
 And let each blow upon me tell.
 Thou canst not better nerve my arm
 With thee to fight, and thee disarm —
 To vanquish thee again.

Despair.



THE storm shall howl around my path,
And night shall deeper fall ;
The rain shall drip like tassels dark
That dangle from a pall ;
The wind shall chant a requiem wild
For all my buried hope,
While on and on, through deep'ning night,
My rayless path I grope.
No star shall gild my lonely way ;
No hand shall shield my form ;
The night shall wrap me in her fold,
And hide me in the storm.

For others Hope will spread her light
Across their earthly track,
And gild with beauty what's to me
The blackest of the black.

For others stars of love will shine,
Or night be turned to day ;
No ray of beauty e'er shall gild
My dark and lonely way.
By slow degrees the night shall close
Around me like a wall,
Till silence winds me in her shroud,
The dark funereal pall.



The Despairing Mythologist.

HARK! blinding rain! shivering hail!
Hark! winds driv'n by merciless fate:
They come, they come like a rushing blast
From chambers deep in the hidden past:
Vile mimics -- the offspring of hate.

They mimic my torturing fears,
My agony bred of despair;
My doubts, reveal'd in a flood of tears
Like those which fall at funeral biers
Of dead men who die without prayer.

Oh, blinding rain! shivering hail!
Which come from the cell of despair:
Now strike, oh! strike like a demon fell,
This bosom, rank with the growth of hell,
And lit with Tartarean glare!

Oh winds, born where never is hope !

Blow fierce on my corrugate cheek,
And pale my lips with your blighting breath,
And bear me quick to the stream of death —
The Stygian river I seek.

But hold ! shall I yield to Despair !

No, never ! I'll conquer the foe ;
Put out the torch of the Furies three,
And hold their lash till my soul is free —
Yes, free from its burden of woe.



Mutabile Semper.



RULED by passion, not by reason,
 Is this feverish heart of mine ;
 All she wraps in fire consuming,
 I within my heart enshrine.

Changing, changing, ever changing ;
 I am like the restless sea,
 Tossing, tossing, never ceasing,
 In my struggle to be free.

Hopes I cherish now so fondly,
 Friends the dearest of the dear,
 Soon are lost — yes, lost, forgotten,
 In my wild and mad career.

What to-day I worship wildly
 Passes in the next away ;
 All it had of life and beauty
 Turns to mingle with decay.

Lo! to-day I clasp in fondness
Some fair idol to my heart ;
But the morrow brings another,
Which, alas ! shall soon depart.

Daily, daily, without ceasing,
Do I build my castles high,
Till they pierce the starry summit,
Melt, and vanish in the sky.

Though they fade, yet still I build them,
Careless what may be their fate ;
All to-day I prize so dearly,
On the morrow I shall hate.



The First Woman.



THOU wert more fair than the daughters of men,
For thou wert the daughter of God!
More blooming thy cheeks than the blushing
rose

That down on the bank of the river grows,
And scatters its perfume abroad.

Thine eyes, all divine, had a light that is lost,
Belonging to angels alone:

Thy lips had a voice so sweet, like the lute,
That, listening, enraptured, the heavens were
mute;

But lost unto us is that tone.

Thy soul was unstained, like the robes of the
saved,

Thou beautiful queen of the earth!


No grief marred thy brow, no tear dimmed thine
eye,
For sin had not risen yet under the sky —
In Eden no evil had birth.

Soon spoiled was thy virtue — a sin thou didst
sin —

The first that was wrought on the earth :
And now a sad people thy dark folly rue,
Commingling their thoughts of death and of
you,
And mourning they ever had birth.



The World My Idol.

 HIS world to me is fair. I love it well.
 Each day, as in the days of yore,
 I bind it nearer to my heart, and say,
 “ Oh! leave me not; I thee adore.”

I mourn the hours which, flying, lessen time —
 The time for my idolatry;
 And, as they go, I firmer clasp the world,
 And dread the dark futurity.

At eve, a Voice Divine doth reach mine ear:
 “ This cannot, shall not always be;
 Cast, then, the image from thy fond embrace,
 And love supremely none but Me.”

That Voice Celestial comes to me each night;
 But, still unmoved, I heed it not:
 The while it shakes my soul; but, ere the morn
 Its hallowed counsel is forgot.

And thus, through days and years, I hurry on,
Like one who runs to reach a goal —
The world my idol, and the only God
To whom I consecrate my soul.

O, sin-forgiving One! hear Thou my prayer —
My prayer, unworthy though it be:
“Tear the illusive idol from my breast,
That I may love and worship Thee.”



Cling Not to Earth.



CLING not to earth, false, fleeting earth ;
Hold not her treasures dear ;
Chase not her phantoms, which, when touched,
Dissolve and disappear.
Give not to earth thy warmest love ;
But fix that love on high,
Where purer joys illumine the years —
The years that never die.

Cling not to earth, false, fleeting earth,
Her fame, or wealth, or song,
What though her gifts were all thine own,
Thou canst not keep them long.
Fix then, oh, fix thy love in heaven,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
Surpassing far the bliss of earth,
As bliss surpasses pain !

In Heaven is Rest.


BEYOND the feverish cares and strife,
And all the joys which make our life —
In heaven — is rest.

Beyond our fears — a galling chain,
Beyond our hopes, so false and vain ;
Beyond what now we would conceal
From friends and foes — the wrongs we feel —
In heaven — is rest.

The angel band, the happy throng,
Around the throne, with harp and song
Are there at rest.

There wearied ones, their conflict o'er,
A rest enjoy unknown before ;
And there shall *we*, our sorrows done,
Our battle fought, our victory won,
Forever rest,

Hymn.

 O, now I know that Christ within,
Speaks through the shadow of our sin;
And though we dwell in utter gloom,
There shall be light beyond the tomb.

Inmortal One, Thy voice we hear —
It soothes our grief, it dries each tear,
And speaks through ages, dim and long,
To bid the fainting soul be strong.

Men feel Thy subtile power to save;
Thy love they know, and grow more brave:
Ten hundred years have flown, but Thou,
Unchanging One, art with us now.

We cannot fall from Thine embrace —
Thou holdest all the human race —
Thou art in every soul, when blest,
Eternal Christ, made manifest!

Thy power, O, holy Christ, we feel,
And all the hours Thy love reveal:
We sin, but Thou art over all —
We cannot from Thy mercy fall.

O, Son of God! O, Friend of Man!
Through countless years Thy purpose ran —
Thy purpose filled with love divine,
That saved the race and made it Thine.



Ambition's Prayer.




GOD, that I might be,
When I have ceased to be!
O God, that I might live,
When I have ceased to live!
I would my name, unclouded, like the sun,
Might travel through the ages yet to come,
Till time shall be no more.

The place where I shall die,
The spot where I shall lie,
Let these all fade away,
As fades the light of day;
But let my name, unsullied as the snow,
Resplendent through the distant ages go,
Till time shall be no more.

At morn, at eve, at noon,
Upon the bended knee,
I ask, in faith, of Thee,
O God! this priceless boon.
Deny me not; declare, "The gift is thine."
And then, by years undimmed, my name will
shine,
Till time shall be no more.



Sweet Sleep.

WEET Sleep, thou comest on the wing of
Night,
To light upon my weary heart ;
And when thou comest, lo ! the bitter strifes,
And all the cares of day depart.

I prize thee dearly, O thou blessed one —
The only friend that's left to me ;
For like a traveller worn with toil I find
No peace save that I find in thee.
E'en now at twelve — late hour, deep noon of
night —
The anxious cares and strifes of day,
So leaden, press upon my heart and brow,
'Twould seem they could not go away.

Come, angel Sleep; O! come, and drive them
hence

With visions of my boyhood's time;
Come, light upon my worn and weary heart,
And let sweet peace, in dreams, be mine.



TO H. E.

TO one, who, in the strength of woman-
hood,

Forsook the soulless under-life of time,
To link her being with the life divine;
And being noble is less understood:

To one, who felt the pulse of freedom beat,
Who knew the love-life of departed years —
Sweet forms of life girt round with bitter
tears —

Struck dead, and slain where under-currents
meet:

Who spurned the dull convention of the age,
Nor pinned her faith upon some idle dream,
But knowing all things are not as they seem,
Played well her part upon life's crowded stage:

To one, girt round with thought, my spirit's
friend,

With more of faith than I, yet less of sin,

And all the strength whereby the angels win,

These ragged lines of shining truth I send.



Happy Dreams.



WHEN wearied with the cares of life,
I lay me down to rest,
Bright dreams, sweet dreams of love and hope,
With rapture fill my breast.

I dream of her whose presence lit
My pathway years ago;
And while I dream, the springs of joy
O'er all my spirit flow.

No cloud of sorrow shades my soul —
I neither weep nor pray —
The wings of Sleep, those angel wings,
Have borne my grief away.

I thank Thee, God, for night and rest,
In sleep, for sunshine gleams;
Whatever else I am denied,
O, leave me happy dreams!

To Kate.



WILDLY wail the winter winds,
O'er fields of frozen snow ;
But wilder wail the winds of fate,
That o'er my spirit blow.
The storm to all the earth is given,
And dark the clouds on high ;
But lo, there beams one tender star
In love's eternal sky.

That star — that tender star of love —
Doth shine for me alone ;
I see its light — the storm is gone,
The winds no longer moan.
The star — my Love, that star thou art —
It lights my lonely way ;
It bids me trust its hallowed beam :
Sweet star, I will obey,

False Laurene.

THEY call thee proud and false, Laurene ;
They say mutation lies
Behind those dark and witching orbs —
Those fascinating eyes.
They say thou smilest to deceive,
And cunningly a web to weave
Around the charmèd one, — then leave
Him to despair.

They say that thou art dead, Laurene,
To every thing but pride ;
That thou wilt fool with words untrue,
Who dare in thee confide.
They say beneath the drifted snow,
Regardless of the winds that blow,
And days and nights that come and go,
Sleeps one that loved —

That loved, and was by thee deceived.

Laurene, can this be so?

They say thy lips did lure him on, —

Then coldly answered, No.

Away! I will not hear thy song.

Unnumbered years, revolving long,

Will not atone for that deep wrong,

Laurene, Laurene.



The Triumph of Pride.



WE seem not all we are — we are not all
we seem,
For wayward Pride, with colors bright, paints
life's short dream :
And where the days are dark, and where the
skies are black,
Upon the fading hours she leaves her golden
track.

On youth her subtile fingers trace, with skill
complete,
An hour when ardent love with regal fame shall
meet ;
And age she bids upon a future day rely, —
Regardless of the silent moments as they fly.

And lo, to mortal man she gives immortal name!
Upon the venal altar of his frozen heart
She strews her jewels rare, and lights her baleful
flame.

With more than human skill she hides all trace
of shame :

Beneath her glass our vice and virtue are the
same.

She scorns all human life — she spurns the fear
of death ;

With gems and jewels rare she mocks the failing
breath.

She triumphs over Time, and sits upon the
throne

Of human mind — with power supreme she
reigns alone.

The Sceptic's Prediction.



OUR day of life ! our night of death !

The last, how near ! 'Tis but a breath

Before we reach the tomb.

I know that to the mighty throng
Who pass with hurried step along,
The dark-robed Monster oft appears,
Unmindful of the burning tears,
Regardless of the prayers and fears

Awakened by his gloom.

But let him spread his blackened pall,
And let his darkening shadows fall

Like storm-clouds over me.

My soul with dread he cannot shake ;

My heart with grief he cannot break ;

No deep regret my heart shall swell

When, faintly, I, my last *farewell*

Shall speak to those I've loved so well :

Then happy I shall be —

Yes, happy ! breathing life away

So gently, like a summer day

Receding in the west.

And when I'm prisoned close in death,

Breathe not an eulogistic breath ;

No monumental pillar raise,

To give my name to other days ;

But fold my hands, my eyelids close,

And bear me from the mighty throng

Who pass with hurried step along —

In silence bear me to the grave.

There I shall dwell in deep repose,

Unmoved by praise, by flattering breath —

A sleeper in the arms of Death,

Forever.



My Coffin.



LET it be smooth, and dark, and long ;
Mounted with silver, tight, and strong ;
With oval top, and graven plate —
My time of birth, and mortal date ;
Well lined with satin, soft, and white,
And trimmed with gold from left to right.
Make it, I charge you, strong and tight,
That it may last throughout the night ;
That when the ages all have flown,
It still may hold me bone to bone.

No matter what may hap my kin,
When I am safely locked within.

To a Hypocrite.



THOU accursed son of godless wrath!

O, thou vile monster, in whose slimy
path

Base envy crawls, and blushless stalks revenge!

Pale is thy visage as the sheeted dead,

But black as hell thy heart, to virtue dead.

Thou canst, dissembler, every guise assume;

I know thee well — and now I speak thy doom:

O'er thy putrescent form no flower shall bloom,

Nor shall a friend lament above thy tomb;

But dark Despair, that ruthless fiend, shall wave

Her ebon wand, and gloat, above thy grave.

O, thou canst weep! yes, but thy tears do flow

Cold as the streams that from the mountain

snow

Descend, submerging all the vale below:

And thou, with honeyed speech, canst smile, but
not deceive ;
For none, e'en fools, thy words or smiles believe.
O, thou incarnate Lie ! I know thee well,
And shun thee as I would the path to hell.

Why seek a Christian's sphere, and mimic grace ?
Begone, thou Judas ! haste thee to thy place !
And bring no more on sacred things disgrace.
We see the serpent in thine evil eye ;
And yet we hear thee tell us how to die !
Some give their children to thy watchful care,
And think thee good, because thou mockest
prayer.

Move on, my righteous pen, nor fear to say
Of shameless deeds performed in open day.
Tell how the poor for bread must toil in pain,
While he, with greedy hand, secures the gain.
Tell how, by knavish plan, he strives to rule
The weak dependant and the witless tool.

Tell of his lengthy prayers, and pious psalms,
His broken promise, and his stinted alms.
Enough — should'st thou his ev'ry vice portray,
Thy work would cease not till my latest day.



Ad Ministrum.*

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE, LIBER I., ODE 38.



HE Persian garlands please me not,
 Nor chaplets tied with linden-rind;
 Then ask no more where dwells the rose,
 In wreaths around the head to bind.

Add naught to simple myrtle leaves,
 Nor roses in the hair entwine;
 The myrtle crown becomes thee well,
 And suits me quaffing 'neath the vine.

* Horace had probably invited some of his friends to supper, and his slave was making an extraordinary preparation for their entertainment. — *Sanon.*

The ancients used to crown their heads with myrtle at their feasts, not only because it was sacred to Venus, but because they thought it dispelled the vapors of their wine. — *Lamb.*

Alexis and Azeza

ALEXIS.

HOST thou remember, O Azeza, all the flowers I to thee in autumn gave? They caused more pain to me than they did pleasure bring to thee.

AZEZA.

Why caused you pain? Had I foreseen what now I know, I would not have received them from your hand.

ALEXIS,

Then they would have caused me greater pain. Within my fingers, like the wax within the flame, they would have melted. Azeza, thou didst kiss the flowers full many times, and thou didst press them fondly to thy breast. But thou didst never

kiss the giver. O Azeza, this it was that caused me pain. One night, upon my bed, of thee I dreamed. I dreamed that thou an island wert whereon no man had ever trod—an island whereon the palm-tree flourished. Sweet smelling herbs and spice trees rare sent up their odorous breath to where Sandalphon waits to gather up the prayers of saints; and I did dream that I the great and mighty ocean was, with waves for arms, and spray for hair, and sparkling salt and dark sea-shells for eyes. With waves I clasped thee, and did hold thee fast until the morning came. I covered thee with spray, while thou for joy didst breathe so low I scarcely knew that thou didst breathe at all.

AZEZA.

Speak on! Your voice is music to my trembling soul. I cannot choose but hear. Say if your love be still alive?

ALEXIS.

It lives, and brighter burns each hour of life.
I've brought again some flowers to thee, my love,
a tuberose and leaves of rose-geraniums.

AZEZA.

A tuberose? Dangerous pleasures* — do I
tread on sliding sand? But oh, 'twere joy to
lose one's footing; and to slide into an ocean
such as thou didst dream of, were no sin.

ALEXIS.

And I have green geranium leaves for thee,
my love, that in their language mute † do speak
unto thy soul, and say that I have chosen Azeza.
Kiss these flowers for me, and when the volume
of the day is closed between the covers of the
night, and thou dost lay thee down to rest, then
place these flowers upon thy sinless breast, that

* Tuberose signifies dangerous pleasures.

† The geranium leaf says "chosen."

they the pulse of thy young heart may feel, and, filled with nameless bliss, forget to wither and to die. Dream then of me, the one who gave them thee, O fairest of the fair !

AZEZA.

I dream of you not only in the night, but you are all the day my fond delight. The hills and valleys, painted with the clover blossoms red and white, the racing brook, the sunburnt rock, and shady nook, derive their all from you, for me.

ALEXIS.

Then sit no more in gloom, Azeza. Nor longer me repulse. What though in youth, before thy years were well advanced, thou didst dream thyself in love with one who was unworthy thee ? What though thou didst, in girlish passion, fling before his feet thine all — the price of thy betrayal ? Speak but one short word, and I will break the chain that binds thy perfect nature to

its couch of ice, and chain thee to myself, not as a servant to a lord, nor even as a saviour to the saved, but I will bind thee with the cords of love — will bind thee fast with threads of fire.

AZEZA.

But I am bound by all the chains that law has forged — am bound so fast that nothing but the power of God can make me free.


ALEXIS.

But I, Azeza, have the power of God, which power is love.

AZEZA.

I yield. Now strike the galling chain from off my waiting soul, and make me wholly free. Let friends, let home, let wealth depart — I find them all, and more, in you. Now be the ocean that you dreamed you were, and I will be the little island in your arms.

A Fragment.

HE days they come, the days they go,
and the years move by, and the seasons
change. We change with them, and the
stream of life runs smooth and clear, as our
dreams may be ; we change with them, and
the stream of life runs wild and dark as the
angry sea, and we say of it all, *'tis vain, 'tis
vain* ; we relax our hold on the things of
time, and the sands of life from our fingers
flow ; all the delicate sands and white, like
snow, fall in the river of death below.

Each day of my life new faces I see, but what in
a year are these faces to me ? Lily-white
fingers they beckon to me, but where in a
year will the beckoners be ?

I stand where the play and the music abound ; I
hear through the scenes the soft notes sound,
and down in an orchestra seat I see two vio-
let eyes all intent on me ; they smile, I
smile, and the play goes on ; but where have
they gone when the play is done ?

Yet I know where change can never be found,
where the same sweet strains shall ever re-
sound, is a land where all shall gather again,
the nations and races and tribes of men.

There flowers never fade — forever they bloom
in that strange sunny land beyond the dark
tomb. There o'er the green fields roam wild
the glad deer, unchased by the hunter, un-
touched by a fear ; soft, silent Night, with
her veil of bright stars, woos the spirit of
man to a gentle repose, and the angel of
peace, till break of the morn, holds guard
where they slumber the dark hours away.

My Heart is Locked.



Y heart — no fire upon its hearth-stone
burns —

'Tis covered o'er with dust ;

Nor ever on its hinges turns the door,

Whose lock is filled with rust.

Oh, once love's golden key, with jewels set,

Unlocked that hidden door :

Oh, once upon its hinges wide it turned ;

'Twill open wide no more.

No more? no more? — sad words — *no more.*

I weep, I murmur o'er and o'er ;

In anguish, too, I say,

“ Alas ! alas ! the day

Death stole the key away ! ”

The feet of busy years move by ;

Friends come and go, friends live and die :

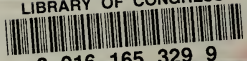
But what, oh ! what is that to me ?

My heart is locked : death holds the key.

The changeful seasons come and go —
The cold white winter filled with snow,
 And then the merry spring ;
And so the summer swiftly comes,
 And all the vales do ring
 With songs of birds that sing,
Of every name, and every shade,
 Beneath the sun :
And then the crimson autumn comes ;
 And one by one
The birds depart, and winter fills
The vales with snow, and all the hills
 It wraps in white.
But what, oh ! what is that to me ?
My heart is locked : death holds the key.

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 329 9

